Capellus Virbius,

SIVE

REDIVIVUS:

OR, A

MONUMENT

Erected in Severall

ELEGIES

To the Memory of the Right Honourable and Noble *Arthur* Lord *Capell*, Baron of *Hadham*.

And His Excellent Lady, the Lady *Elizabeth Capell* Dowager.

LONDON

Printed by *Roger Vaughan*, dwelling in St. *Martins le Grand*, 1662.

Capella Viribus.

S

T VIRIS.

MONUMENT

HIEGIIS

To the Right Honourable *Arthur* Earle of *Eſſex*, Baron of *Hadham*;

AND

Sir *Henry Capell* Knight of the *Bath*, Sons to the ever-honoured *Arthur* Lord *Capell*.

Moſt Excellent Brothers,

Though it be Unlawfull to offer up Sacrifices to the Dead, yet licenſe mee to ſacrifice theſe Elegies to the Remembrance of your ever-Honoured, and never-to-be-forgotten Parents, and permit mee to make the Name of CAPELL *an* Altar, *though not the* Tomb. *I muſt confeſſe, had not the* Importunity *of* Friends, *concenter'd in a numerous Addreſſe, and the particular Obligations by which my Service is entituled to your Family, engag'd me to devote theſe narrow Teſtimonies of my Zeal to the Scrutiny and Inſpection of the Publique, they had been for ever folded up in their own Oblivion.*

Leaſt therefore I might ſeem Ungratefull, or at leaſt Unfruitfull, I *have adventur'd to drop this Earneſt of my Affection on theſe* Noble *Reliques, not hoping by this to add any perpetuity to thoſe, which will in future Ages, ſtand both Braſſe to the* Tomb, *and* Marble *to the* Stone, *but only as a Symboll of that Acknowledgement* I *owe to two* Names *of ſuch an Eternal Duration.*

 Indeed

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Indeed I never did believe that these Poems could contract an estimate from any intrinsique Value resident in themselves, but only as they were offer'd up at the Tombes of those Worthy Persons, to whose Memory they were Originally Consecrated.

Suffer then these Monuments of a Zealous Gratitude to give themselves up to your View, since you may be ascertained, that they issue from one whose Study it is, that his Practise may be how he may declare himself

The Humblest of your Servants,

Thomas Philipot.

Capellus

Capellus Virbius,

SIVE

REDIVIVUS:

OR,

A Monument erected in ſeveral ELEGIES

To the Memory of the Right Honourable and Noble *Arthur* Lord *Capell*, Baron of *Hadham*.

AN ELEGY.

AS when the [illegible]gilt with its borrowed Fires,
And tinſell'd o're with the Suns light expires,
Dialls then only when the Day is done
Declare their uſe, and ſhew there was a Sun:
So now that Flame which did in *Capell* burne
Is, like ſome *Meteor*, ſhrunk into his Urne.
This cheap and narrow Tribute of my Verſe,
Which I have dar'd to faſten on his Hearſe,
May like ſome Dyal, now his Light is ſet,
Stand to his Name a fixed Alphabet.
And ſince his Thread which was ſo firmly ſpun;
Is by rude Hands untravell'd, and undone;
In me if any Vigor ſeem to dawn,
'Tis but by him a Faint Reſemblance drawn;

And if in Me the Pulse of Phansy beat,
With any Masculine or active Heat,
'Tis but a Beam shot from that nobler Fire,
Which did his Breast at once warm and inspire.
Unrip the Quarries then, and reconcile
Marble, Jet, Brass, and Jasper in one Pile,
And fix the Gaudy and Magnifique Stone,
Upon the Dust and Rottennesse of one,
Whose Name perchance will moulder and consume
Amidst his Nard, Balm, Spicery and Perfume.
Brave *Capells* Tombe's beyond the Reach of Art,
His Monument's Establish'd in each Heart,
When he shall stand from Times Impression safe
Unto himself Both Urne and Epitaph.
Let Scholars here and Souldiers both combine,
And mix in a full Quire about his Shrine,
Since both in him did vigorously unite,
The Scholar, did advise, the Souldier fight:
So that of Him it might be truly said,
He had an *Heart*, yet did not want an *Head*,
For both in *Him* appear'd so close Compact,
His Head consulted, ere his *Heart* did act;
His Epitaph first by his Sword was made,
Enroll'd in Characters that hardly fade;
Insculp'd in every *Hospital* it stands,
Writ in disbanded Legs, or banish'd *Hands*,
Then 'twas rescrib'd and copied out again,
And written something fairer by his Pen;
For in his Monuments of * Brain we see
He has rear'd to himself both Tombe and Elegy,
Which to such comely shape and frame are brought,
And yet with such a Marble Phansy wrought,
That in these Trophies he shall live as long,
As Time shall weild a Sithe, or Fame a Tongue.

* *His printed Meditations.*

AN

Obſequies offered up to the Memory of the ever Renowned, and never to be Forgotten, ARTHUR *Lord* CAPELL. *Written* 1649.

DO; paddle ſtill in *Blood*, for 'tis not ſtrange
Now if your thirſty dropſi'd Blades do range
O're the whole ſtock of Man; or that they ſpread
To Trunck and Boughs, ſince they've lop't off the *Head*:
For ſince the *KING*, who like one general Soul,
Did through each nerv and agile muſcle rowl;
And like ſome publick Conduit did diſpence
To every Vein, both Sap and Influence;
Shine's in *His Crown* of *Martyrdome* above,
Gilt and enamel'd with the Beams of *Love*;
The Cement thus unfix't and ſlack't, we muſt
Needs languiſh into ſhuffled heaps of Duſt:
And as in Bodies, where the *Head* is lop't
From off the weeping Stem, ſom *Spirits* drop't
From that great *Magazine*, into each part,
And left as *Legacies* unto the *Heart*;
Contract the Joynts and Hands, then make them ſpread
As if they catch't at the diſlodging *Head*;
So after this vaſt Ruin, though the Frame
Of Nature were both diſcompos'd and lame;
Yet in this crippled Structure, there might bee
Som ſtarts and leaps, which flow'd (brave *Lord!*) from Thee;
On whom, as ſom not yet diſcovered Sourſ,
Which doth to th'ſuppled Earth freſh Sap disburſ,
And through her veins melt's in a purling rill,
Th' expiring *KING* His Vigor did diſtill.
And as ſom ſullen Vapor which was ſpun
From th' Earth's courſe Wardrobe, by the glaring Sun,
To ſom wilde Meteor, hover's in the Air,
And on each Cloud ſhed's its unravel'd hair;
But wanting Active Heat to waft it higher,
Doth in dull Slime and ſluggiſh Miſts exſpire:
So before *CAPELL* was (like th' early Flower
Which Ruder Hands tore from the Mangled Bower)
Rent from His Bleeding ſtalk, we might perchance,
Like vapors wing'd with His brave heat, advance
Above the Common-level, yet but now
His Flames ſhot-up no new ſupply t' allow.

We crumble shall to Ruin streight, and run
Into a wilde Precipitation.
And as when Morning from the *Azure* Towers,
Powr's out the day, and pluck's out th' unfledg'd hours;
The Earth unlock's its womb, each flower unweav's
Its Odorous tresses, and untie's its leavs,
That so they may be spangled by that blaze
That from the blooming Sun's gilt lustre stray's;
So now that He like a new-budded Star
That stud's the Orb's above, doth from a far
Point out his Beams to us, let their clear Light
Steer us through the perplexed maze of Night;
And our benum'd and frozen Souls so thaw,
He may both our Example be and Law;
For though that Man's a world within himself;
In *Him* no Passion swell'd into a Shelf
To split *His* even thoughts, no Rock of Pride
Did intercept or justle the free Tide
Of well-poiz'd Actions, and no *Mountain* there
Was by *Ambition* made, or *Gulf* by *Fear*.
His beauteous Actions too without did meet,
Still in such comly and well-ballanc't feet,
And were so fairly knit, you'd think they'd been
Each one the *Transcript* of *His Soul within*;
No Byas *His Religion* warp't awry
Into a crooked *Excentricity*,
'Twas sullied with no Ends; *He* could not tell
How to vamp *Calvin* with dark *Machiavel*.
No Widdows cooler sighs did fan *His* Cup,
He drank in's Wine no Tears of Orphans up;
His Pregnant Fields were moist'ned by the Skyes,
Not wet with show'rs rain'd from *His Tenants* eyes;
And having thus with Virtue pav'd the Track
Which to *His Urn* did guide *His* Foot-steps back;
He, when *His* full-fledg'd Soul cast off her Clay,
To bathe in Tides of never-ebbing day,
Did in so soft a Calm dismiss *His* Breath,
As if 't were *His Espousals*, not *His Death*;
And that in *His* cold shroud *He* were to meet
The Pourtraict only of *His Genial sheet*,

AN

ELEGIE

ON

The Great Exemplar of all Vertue, the Lady *Elizabeth Capell.*

WE can for every cheap and trivial Loſſe
Condole ſo much, we even ſeem t' Ingroſs
The Publique Stock of Grief, and at our Eyes
Embezel our exhauſted Faculties,
Whilſt our dull Paſſions pant with eager Throes,
As if they teem'd with Mountains of vaſt Woes,
Each Maime by Fire, each Shipwrack can induce
Our Eyes to ſuch Intemp'rate and profuſe
Reſentment, that thoſe Cataracts of Rain
Our Eyes un-ſluce, might quench the Flame again;
Or in the[illegible]brin[illegible]Deluges once more,
Ingulph the Ruin'd Bark upon the Shore;
But when ſuch precious Earth as this, we ſee
To crumble into early Aſhes, we
Should from th' officious Limbecks of our Eyes
Diſtill, as Rights paid to her Obſequies,
Such Floods of Pious Tears, that if dull Art
Should by ſome Lame Neglect forget t' impart
Her Nard, and unctuous Balſome, to exempt
Theſe Noble Reliques from Time's rude contempt,
They might embalm her fading Maſſe of Clay,
And fortifie it ſo from all Decay,
No ſawcy or intruding worm ſhould dare
To be an Inmate to her Sepulcher.

Then

Then let the Sluces of our Eyes un-lave
Streams of un-ſummon'd Tears out on her Grave,
Which by that Cold our chiller Sighs ſhall vent
Shall ſtiffen to a Chriſtal Monument,
And ſtand a fixed Index to her Duſt,
To tell the VVorld this Tombe is put in Truſt,
Virtue it ſelf in its cold Cell to hide,
VVhich in this Lady liv'd, and with her died;
But when the VVorld, and its gay Pomp expire,
And both lye gaſping in the general Fire,
VVhen all the Throng of petty Stars like Tears,
Shall drop in flaming Gelly from their Sphears,
And *Sol* it ſelf, Light's great Exchequer, ſhall
From its dark Orb like a blind Cindar fall,
VVhen th' Impenitent Earth ſo long ſhall burn
Till it into Repentant Aſhes turn,
And each conſpicuous Ornament it wears
Shrinks into Duſt, this ſhall reſolve to Tears.

Her EPITAPH.

HAve you beheld the Sun un-ſhroud,
Th' enamel'd Fringes of a Cloud,
Then wrap up in the Folds of Night
All that embroyderie of Light,
As if by that Receſſe he meant
The antient Chaos to prevent?
So from this *Ladies* twins of Sight
Such Beams did dawn, that with their Light
They did each ſullen Miſt diſpell,
Which did in our Horizon dwell,
But now thoſe radiant Suns are ſet,
And in the gloomy Cabinet
Of her dark Urne lock'd up, the World,
Into one Common Cloud is hurl'd.
The *Phœnix* in her Pile of Spice,
Perhaps may vie with Paradice,
And Roſes tortur'd in a Still,
In that warm Agonie a Rill

So

So ſweet diſburſe, it does o'recome
Nard in its bruiſed *Martyrdom*;
This *Ladies* virtues do diſperſe
Such choyce Perfumes about her *Hearſe*,
That ſhould we thoſe by theſe eſteem,
They'ld cheap, and ſickly Odours ſeem;
They that all cunning Pomp do ſcan
By th' *Louvre*, or the *Vatican*,
Let them unlock her Marble ſhrine,
And they'le trace out a various Mine,
There lodge the Diamonds of her Eyes,
VVhich Rayes ſo pointed did comprize:
* *Gulcundah*'s Quarries can diſplay
No beams that ſcatter ſuch a Day,
There lye wrapt up in an Eclipſe
Of Duſt, the Rubies of her Lips,
Nay this *Exchequer* too contains
The melting *Saphirs* of her veins,
So that we now may juſtly call
Her urne the beſt *Eſcuriall*;
Since then ſhe's dead whoſe fragrant breath,
Did to the Fields new Flowers bequeath,
Let's cull them all that they may meet
On her, that ſhe may make them ſweet;
However on her Duſt wee'll ſtrow
Thoſe Flowers which ſeem'd on her to grow,
As on their Stem; Firſt, there ſhall be
The Roſe of Bluſhing Modeſtie,
Which did ſo long her Cheek adorne,
Offered up unto her urne:
The Marigold ſhall then become
The Second tribute to her *Tombe*,
VVithin which flower we may deſcry
The Image of her Piety;
For this locks up its leaves when Night,
In its black Mantle, folds up Light,
And ſtill unclaſps them when the Sun
Beſpangles all our *Horizon*:
So ſhe, when firſt th'Infant Day,
The Eaſtern Portalls did Array

* Gulcundah *and* Socodania *in the* Eaſt-Indies *are the places whence the choyceſt Diamonds are extracted.*

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With the Attire of Light, did run
To open her Devotion ;
And when Darkneſſe cloath'd the Air,
Claſp'd it up in *Holy* Prayer :
Then the Violet we'le ſhed
Upon her *Hearſe*, which bows its *Head*,
And, like her, appears to be
Th' Embleme of *Humility* ;
Next, we will to her Duſt diſpence
The Lilly white with Innocence,
Where we, as in a Glaſs, may ſee
The tranſcript of her Puritie,
Whoſe Odours will perfume her Name,
And ſo embalme her quickned Fame,
Her Marble, like the hallow'd Shrine
That does dead Vertues ſelf confine
Within its hollow Wombe, ſhall be
Ador'd by all Poſterity.

FINIS.